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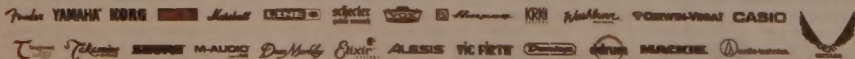
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2009 Mayor's
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Even if you downright hate football, that shouldn't prevent you from having a great time this year as Edmonton hosts the 98th Grey Cup.

And just to make sure the public knows it's more than just a game played in front of 60,000 half-drunk fans, the Edmonton event is officially known as the Grey Cup Festival, because, hey, we love our festivals.

Marty Forbes is the Grey Cup Festival 2010 media liaison, and he promises it will be a fest to remember, regardless of the temperatures.

"No matter what the weather is like," Forbes says, "Edmonton knows how to throw a party."

The Grey Cup Festival Committee has put together more than 50 events surrounding the Grey Cup weekend.

Duane Vienneau, executive director of Grey Cup Festival 2010, says despite its well-deserved reputation as a national drunken bacchanal, "the whole structure is based on family." Although family is the key point that the Grey Cup committee is focusing on, Vienneau also says anybody should be able to find some entertainment.

The festival itself is expected to generate huge revenue for our city, based on figures from Calgary last year. Cowtown generated about \$60 to \$80 million based game-ticket sales with 46,000 seats. Edmonton has 52,000 seats and Grey Cup is sold out.

Aside from that, however, Edmonton's local economy is expected to see a substantial boost on account of hotels, restaurants, and clubs catering to the Grey Cup Festival crowd. Vienneau says that the economic impact of this festival should affect all citizens of Edmonton as dollars are spent in our local market.

"It's all speculation at this point, but (Grey Cup Festival) should be as good, if not better than Calgary's," he says.

The centre of the free, all-ages events will be Churchill Square. From Nov 25-28, Churchill Square will be re-named Huddle Town. This 20,000-square-foot section of the festival will include live music, a football field in front of City Hall, vendors, games and displays, and more. The party runs from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. from Thursday to Sunday. There will be free entertainment every day from the likes of country star George Canyon, and many others.

The highlight of Huddle Town will be a 520-foot long, 80-foot high zip-line carrying two people, reaching speeds of 80 km/h, a hit at the Vancouver Olympics. (Might get a bit chilly up there, so maybe bring an extra jacket.) You may also want to bring some loose change; the ride is free, but donations to the Garrison Military Family Resource Centre will be accepted as fair.

If that doesn't tackle your fancy, you could also head over to the Scotiabank area and try your skills as a football champ in the

NEWS-GREY CUP PARTY IN YOUR PARKA

BY TYLER OSTERMAVER

ILLUSTRATION BY [unintelligible]



EVEN FOR FOOTBALL-PHOBICS, THERE'S PLENTY TO DO THIS WEEKEND AS THE GREAT CANADIAN PARTY OFFERS

Throw Like a Pro, TSN Broadcast zone. This area will also have face painting, CFL players giving autographs, field goal challenges, and exhibits from the Canadian Football Hall of Fame and Museum.

If you'd like to huddle up to a more adult crowd, well head on over to the Molson Canadian Cabarets being held on Nov 26 and 27. Tickets to these events are \$39.50 each. Friday night will feature Matthew Good and Theory of A Deadman. Saturday night features Tom Cochrane and Red Rider. Andrew Cole and Wade Mouth Mason — hey, it doesn't get much more Canadian than that. These nights will party on until last call, so have a nap before you fork over 40 of your hard-earned bones. These festivities take place at Shaw Conference Centre, halls A, B, and C.

The usually mundane Edmonton City Centre underground parkade will be transformed into the Underground Huddle venue for a number of major, ticketed events, including the CFL Players Awards Celebration, and the CFL Alumni Association Legends Luncheon featuring Hall of Famers Angelo Mosca, Peter Dalla Riva, Joe Poplawski, Tom Wilkinson, Damon Allen,

Stadium.

Edmonton Expo Centre is throwing an indoor kick-off party on Grey Cup Sunday. The party goes from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Tickets are \$60 and available at Ticketmaster. They'll have live entertainment, games, and door prizes.

Finally, if you're lucky enough to grab a ticket before this puppy sells out, hit up the Official CFL Grey Cup After-Party. It's got live music by the Trews, CFL cheer teams and more. Tickets are \$49.95 and available at greycupfestival2010.com/events.

Each of the CFL's eight teams will have their own party centres, with the legendary Spirit of Edmonton event — traditionally one of the most popular venues at every Grey Cup — setting up shop at the Westin Hotel. Rider Nation will converge at the Shaw Conference Centre Thursday, Friday and Saturday, while the B.C. Lions Den will be found in the posh Hotel Macdonald. The Montreal Alouettes will host a bash at the Oil City Roadhouse on Saturday, with Winnipeg fans crying the Blue(s) over their non-playoff season at the Shaw on Friday. The Hamilton Tiger-Cats are throwing a major bash at The Citadel Friday and

GREY CUP cont'd on p.6

DINING • TYPE OF FOOD

Sukhothai's True Taste Of Thailand



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BY SCOTT LINGLEY

"That was so good I went to eat the whole meal again!"

From my perennial co-diners effusions about the leftovers, you should sense an impending positive account of Sukhothai, the Oliver Square-proximal Thai joint that takes its name from both a 13th century proto-Thai kingdom and the small-th community in Thailand that still bears that name.

Our inaugural experience with the place coincided roughly with the brutal onset of harsh weather, something that would naturally turn your mind to white sandy beaches, sultry weather and shirtless motorcycle rides down palm-shaded roads

clutching a bomber if Singha with one's free hand. Finding ourselves seated Sukhothai's lush blue confines beside a day-bonfire surrounded by candles wasn't as warming as, say, watching the sun set over the green hills around Shark Bay on Koh Tao, but it's a lot more convenient if you live anywhere in the metro Edmonton area and the food is quite tasty.

Naturally, Sukhothai offers all the stuff you would hope to find on a Thai menu worth its fish sauce — curries of differing hues, pad thai and "drunken noodles," and seafood dishes galore. At first tempted to default to our usual favourites, co-diner and I decided to strike out in heretofore uncharted directions. Instead of the usual satay skewers or green papaya salad, we'd start with the calamari (\$11), thank you very much, and follow it with roasted duck in red curry (\$19), spicy basil stir-fry with chicken (\$18) and, much more expectedly, coconut rice (\$6). And, because the night was so balmy and the seasonings apt to be lively, two bottles of Singha were essential.

I think Sukhothai might really be where I fell in love with the rubbery texture and oddly creamy taste of squid. It tended to just kind of turn up in certain dishes unannounced as I ate my way around the Gulf of

Thailand, and by luck or simply because all Thais know how to cook squid, I came to look forward to a spicy, scalloped chunk of stir-fried squid tangled up in the noodles if my pad kee mao. Since then, I like

THE TAB: \$44 FOR TWO, FOOD ONLY

**THE GIST: COZY THAI NOOK
WARMES THE SOUL
TRY THE: ROASTED DUCK IN
RED CURRY**

having the chance to order grilled calamari and don't eat it much otherwise, so ordering a batch of the breaded, fried version was uncharacteristic. But the Thais did not let me down — the crisp, puffy coating on the calamari was light and un oily, and made a fine vehicle for sopping up the creamy mango dip on the side. The portion size was ideal for getting things started.

Pleased as we were with the appetizer, nothing could have prepared us for the next dish. Good LORD, people: thick slices of duckmeat swimming in an aptly (but not sadistically) spicy red curry with green and red pepper spears, basil leaves, juicy

bursts of pineapple and red grapes, and a few cashews. The collision of sweet, fiery and aromatic flavours ensconcing the sinfully tender duck brought tears of joy to my brow, and we both shovelled the leftover curry onto the perfectly turned coconut rice. I would not try to share a single portion of this dish between more than two people as fights and property damage could very well ensue.

If we had to do it again, we might have picked something other than the spicy basil stir-fry, only because we failed to notice on the menu that it contained many of the same ingredients as the red curry, namely bell peppers and basil leaves. That said, it was easy to notice the difference in flavours — the stir-fry was boldly dosed with garlic and chilies, with just a hint of pungent fish sauce peeking out of the stronger flavours. It was the leftover portion of this dish that made the co-diner proclaim how she wanted to eat the whole meal all over again.

Loath though we were to leave our cozy little spot, the night had other plans for us than lingering in our faux-tropical paradise. It did warn us to know that the next time we needed to escape, Sukhothai's charms were much more convenient and affordable than a trans-Pacific flight.

GREY CUP cont'd from p. 5

Saturday, with the Calgary Stampede camped out at the Chateau Lacombe Friday night. Toronto Argonaut fans, should such a creature exist, will gather on Friday and Saturday at the Shaw. All events except the Spirit of Edmonton have admission charges from \$5-\$20.

Outside of official Grey Cup events, Edmonton's bars and nightclubs will be hopping. The Oil City Hospitality Group, for example, is gearing up for throngs of free spending football fans from across the country.

"Our focus is to contribute to the Grey Cup activities going on in the Grey Cup Festival," says Sarah Doroshenko, public relations for Oil City Hospitality Group.

Oil City Hospitality Group runs several clubs around town including The Rack and Lucky 13 on Whyte, as well as The Pint, Oil City Roadhouse and The Bank Ultra Lounge downtown.

Each of these venues will have Grey Cup entertainment to partake in. The Bank had planned on an "igloo party" in their parking lot, but the city did not grant them a permit.

"There's no question in my mind that this will be the best Grey Cup ever," says Ken Fiske, vice-president of economic and tourism development for the Edmonton Economic Development Corporation.

For even more information on the 2010 Grey Cup Festival, head to their webpage at greycupfestival2010.com.

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—A furious Mayor Stephen Mandel lays the blame for the federal government withdrawing support for Expo 2017 on Edmonton MP and cabinet minister Rona Ambrose, Nov. 23.

HARPER LIKELY ON SAFE GROUND IN REJECTING EDMONTON'S EXPO BID

Randy Ferguson, a member of the Edmonton Expo bid committee, put it quite succinctly: "Albertans took a kick in the teeth today."

Yes, we certainly did.

The Harper government's decision not to support Edmonton's bid for Expo 2017 was a kick in the teeth — or maybe even a lower area — to Albertans, and especially Edmontonians. The city has been working on the expo bid since 2007, and the chances of landing the world's fair looked very good indeed. An event of this magnitude — with a price tag of \$2.3 billion — can't go ahead without the support of the federal government. The bid committee moved ahead, spending thousands of hours and a gobs of taxpayers' money, under the assumption that the federal Tories would support the event. It appears no one from Ottawa sent any negative signals to the Edmonton bid committee.

So Monday's announcement was a shock. The Harpites claim that the event's costs would have gone from \$706 million requested to more than \$1 billion when security costs were factored in. Heritage Minister James Moore called the event "a financial risk we are not prepared to take at this time," particularly with the government's stated goal of eliminating the deficit by 2015. (The Harper government's concern about cost would have been laudable if it hadn't just spent close to \$1 billion on the G8 and G20 summits/photos ops.) Perhaps to soften the blow, and to show Harper isn't playing favourites, the government also announced that there will be no funding for a Quebec City arena. But that was a

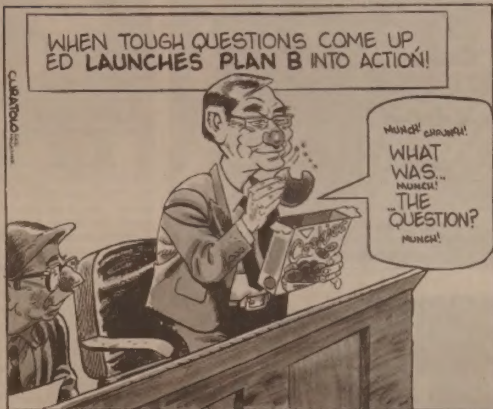
no brainer, an expo bid that would act as the key to celebrating the country's 150th birthday is much different from an arena to lure an NHL team to one city.

So where does the Expo 2017 bid stand now? It doesn't — dead things don't stand. No fed money, no expo. What would have been a transformative event in the history of Edmonton is now stillborn.

Mayor Stephen Mandel is furious, and rightly so. He has laid the blame at the feet of Edmonton MP Rona Ambrose, the only cabinet minister from Edmonton in the Harper government. He may be oversteering the case, but the fact is when Edmonton had one lone representative during Liberal governments, the indefatigable Anne McLellan, Edmonton did very well. Not so with Ambrose.

The Harper government's sudden return to fiscal prudence comes at Edmonton's expense. Should we be surprised that our hopes and aspirations were given the shaft by Harper? Hardly. Despite the lone NDP seat in Edmonton (Linda Duncan's seat is now assumed), Tony leads in Edmonton and some of the safest in the land. Even though Mandel has taken dead aim at the feckless Ambrose, it seems unlikely she's much to worry about — she won her seat in the 2008 election by nearly 30,000 votes.

Harper, who is a canny politician, likely knew that Edmontonians were divided on the merits of the expo bid, and calculated he can ride out the disappointment. Maybe if voting weren't a near monolith: Tony Edmont, we might have had our expo after all. We got a kick in the teeth — and we'll probably go back and ask for another.



POINT-OF-VIEW: SPORTS

Why The Grey Cup Matters



OUTSIDE POLITICS: MAURICE TOUGAS
**GREY CUP MORE THAN JUST AN
EXCUSE TO GET DRUNK. IT'S
A VITAL CANADIAN EVENT**

Welcome, Grey Cup visitors. Please allow yourselves of our uniquely Edmonton brand of hospitality. Remember, it is perfectly acceptable to puke in public on Whyte or Jasper during the winter, since it freezes right away.

Montreal fans, fear not; there is plenty of Molson product to go around, and a recent glut of wine bars in the downtown should keep you happy. Saskatchewan fans, rest assured, entire freight trains of Pilsner are on their way.

All others, pick your poison. Hey, they don't call it the Grand National Drunk for nothing.

Actually, it's not called the Grand National Drunk much anymore. Even though drinking is an integral part of the celebrations surrounding Canada's football championship, the

drinking part of it has been played down a bit over the years, as the event is now called a "festival" for the whole family.

That's what the organizers of Grey Cup XCVIII are emphasizing, according to our story this week. It can be a family event, if you consider going out for a night of hard drinking with the kids to be a family event. (Honestly, to give the Grey Cup or organizing committee its due, there is plenty of family — i.e. non-alcohol — oriented stuff going on downtown in Churchill Square; see our wrap up of Grey Cup frolics, family or otherwise, on pg. 5.)

Whether you're going to the game or watching it on TV, whether your team is in or long out of it (sigh), whether you're passionate about the Canadian game or consider sports to be the 21st century opiate of the masses, there is plenty to love about the Grey Cup.

I would go so far as to say that the Grey Cup is an important event in the yearly life of this giant, mostly empty, improbable country we call Canada.

Yes, I said important. And so, in its own small way, is the Canadian Football League.

The Grey Cup is, in many ways, the ultimate Canadian event, rife

with history.

Consider, for starters, the entity that hosts his little shindig, the Canadian Football League.

This itty bitty league toils in the shadow of the mighty National Football League, suffering from a terminal case of inferiority. Many Canadian sports fans openly deride the homegrown game, voicing the opinion that the American league — owing to its colossal success and equally colossal players — is superior, therefore making Canadian football not worthy of consideration. Yet its supporters will argue long and loud that Canadian football is superior, and that American football is, as the saying goes, no more than five yards and a cloud of dust (unless there's artificial turf dust, this doesn't much apply anymore).

Sound familiar?

The Canadian attitude towards the CFL is not dissimilar to our attitude towards almost all things cultural. Our television is inferior, our movies (both of them) are inferior. Only our music doesn't fall into that inferiority gulch, and oddly enough that is partly because we did something to nurture our music scene, by requiring Canadian radio to actually play Canadian songs.

TOUGAS cont'd on pg. 8

BY THE NUMBERS • CULTURAL SPENDING

Calgary, Saskatoon and Regina spend more money on cultural events than Edmonton, according to a report from Hill Strategies.

Per capital cultural spending in cities, 2008

| | | | |
|---------------|---------|------------------|-------|
| 1. Calgary | \$1,200 | 6. Halifax | \$906 |
| 2. Saskatoon | \$1,000 | 7. Toronto | \$868 |
| 3. Regina | \$993 | 8. Charlottetown | \$856 |
| 4. St. John's | \$977 | 9. Saint John | \$846 |
| 5. Edmonton | \$933 | 10. Winnipeg | \$841 |

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POINT OF VIEW - PARENTING

Make The Rich Pay? Maybe.



URBAN MOM ANGELA BRUNSCHOT
**INCREASE TAXES FOR THE
SUBURBS? NOT A POPULAR
IDEA, BUT CERTAINLY
WORTH THINKING ABOUT**

Elbow to elbow with my neighbours from Central McDougall and Queen Mary Park, I'm leaning over a black-and-white map of our community, contemplating possible locations for a hypothetical community hub building. There are several empty lots and vacant buildings along 107th Avenue that would work. As we run our fingers over the map, we're also talking about what we'd like to see operating in the building. A playground for kids with mats and toys would act as a great meeting place for parents in the winter, and integrating a community police station into the building sounds like a really positive way for the area to address crime. There's also general agreement that the build-

residents to enliven and populate the city's core. Shifting Edmonton from a suburban to an urban centre will take some serious changes in policy.

Thompson has a background in environmental pricing, and was one of the experts involved in writing the city's environmental strategic plan, *The Way We Green*, which is expected to reach city council early next year. At a public talk last week, Thompson put forward the very basic position that people are influenced by prices. If the city's policies make it cheaper to live and locate businesses in the suburbs, then that's where people will go, regardless of other city goals. Thompson would like to see several environmental pricing reforms, including increased taxes on suburban development and single family homes, decreased taxes on high density and infill developments, as well as road tolls and other ways of curbing Edmonton's auto-centric culture. Done well, these policy shifts could move the city to a more sustainable way of life.

"I'm not running for office, so I don't care if I sound unpopular," he says.

Thompson's ideas may sound harsh to some, but it rings true in my

which would discourage vacant land and parking lots downtown.

Central communities also need an influx of new families. Last spring when McCauley School was closed just as the neighbourhood was undergoing its own revitalization effort, it underscored how different policies and levels of government can easily work against each other. The closure of central schools and the Edmonton's continuing urban sprawl are linked, Thompson says. Currently, the city taxes apartments, condos, townhouses, and duplexes 15 per cent more than single family homes. Edmonton should decrease taxes on infill, and increase them on greenfield development. The city could bring in the changes incrementally, say with a two-per-cent increase each year over a couple years. As long as developers are confident that the city will go through with the changes, then people's investment decisions will change, he says.

Of course, Edmonton's car culture allows families to buy homes further and further away from existing public amenities. Higher fuel taxes and road tolls are both ways Thompson thinks the city, with co-operation from the province, could really

OF COURSE, EDMONTON'S CAR CULTURE ALLOWS FAMILIES TO BUY HOMES FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM EXISTING PUBLIC AMENITIES. HIGHER FUEL TAXES AND ROAD TOLLS ARE BOTH WAYS THOMPSON THINKS THE CITY, WITH CO-OPERATION FROM THE PROVINCE, COULD REALLY CHANGE THE WAY EDMONTON DEVELOPS.

ing might be more than just meeting rooms and government services. A coffee shop or gym would keep foot traffic going throughout the day and in the evening.

These talks are part of the ongoing revitalization process, one that I find both thrilling and daunting. The city deserves credit for its work, but since hearing some of what David Thompson, principal of PolicyLink Research and Consulting, has to say about the city's planning and taxation, I think it's time to take more than paving roads and consulting

neighbourhood from an economic as well as environmental point of view. Under current policies the city has set the very limited goal of only 25 per cent of new development within established neighbourhoods. I'm very discouraged as I think about the empty lots along 107th Avenue. That limited "goal" makes it difficult for communities like mine to attract the residential and commercial investment that we need to fill in some of our blank spaces. Thompson also wants to see a shift to taxes based on land value instead of building value.

change the way Edmonton develops.

"Prices can be a really powerful ally if they are palling with us," he says.

From my perspective as a car-free parent living in Central McDougall, the changes Thompson proposes are valid possibilities that deserve calm consideration. It makes more sense to shape development with well thought out taxing policies, rather than incur the continuing costs of urban decay. But like Thompson, I'm not running for public office, and can afford to voice unpopular opinions.

TOUGAS cont'd from p. 7

The game itself is a typically Canadian blend of cultures. It evolved from rugby (British), developed in North America, and closely resembles American football. It's the same, only substantially different. Just like Canada is the same, but substantially different, from the U.S.

And here's another purely Canadian thing about the CFL: import quotas. The CFL could easily stock the entire league with American players, so vast is the reservoir of American talent. But the league, wisely, has a requirement that there be a certain number of Canadian players on the roster, just the way radio is required

to play Canadian music. The result is mixed; sometimes inferior Canadian players get jobs that could have been held by superior (but, ironically, cheaper) American talent. But other times, it works beautifully. Canadians love to have a Canadian to cheer for, and this season, a Canadian - Andy Fantuz of the Saskatchewan Roughriders - led the CFL in pass receptions. Without Canadian content rules, a guy like Fantuz might never had the chance to play, just the way we might never have enjoyed the hit making abilities of Andy Kim without Canadian content rules on the radio.

OK, bad example. Terrible exam-

ple. But you get my drift.

A CFL season culminates with the Grey Cup game, the 98th version of which will be played here on Sunday. How many other Canadian traditions are nearing the century mark? How many chances do members of the extended Canadian family, from Newfoundland to British Columbia, ever get a chance to get together to share a beer or two?

Answer: none. That's why it matters. So if you see some poor sod stumbling down the street wearing a Winnipeg Blue Bombers jersey, stop and say hi. Just get ready to dodge the projectile vomiting.
mauricetougas.wordpress.com

POINT OF VIEW • CANINE COMPANIONS

And A Dog Shall Lead Us



MY TOWN SCOTT LINGLEY
MAN (AND WOMAN'S) BEST
FRIEND SHOWS US HOW WE
CAN ALL JUST GET ALONG

To fully and deliberately misquote the late French Marxist thinker Guy Debord, a dog park is not an assembly of canines; it is a social interaction mediated by canines. In a world where autumn has been rapidly and brutally displaced by winter – just as authentic social life has been displaced its representation – we need all the social interaction we can get and our dog friends provide both catalyst and example for how to get that done.

This week marks my first anniversary of dog ownership, a privilege I seemed to crave almost instinctively through most of my adult life. These yearnings were cemented by close relationships with two rescued dogs that belonged to friends but occasionally came under my care. They were great pals – handsome, smart, popular with the ladies and endlessly sympathetic – to such an extent that I felt in my blood like I should adopt my own.

Along came Jazzy, an eight-month-old "energetic shepherd cross" rescued from death row in Fort McMurray by the Second Chance Animal Rescue Society. We'd been monitoring the SCARS website for a few weeks (okay, several months) when a picture of the rascal in question came up. A handsome mid-sized pooch, she fit the basic specs: the dog's head could not be smaller than a grapefruit, but not so large that it looked like a scientific experiment; her eyes sparkled with mischievous alertness and her tail was a blur of delight in every photo. We found out she was coming in to Edmonton to have her puppy-making apparatus dismantled and arranged for a sleeper. Little did we suspect she would move right in.

The first night, still dopy from whatever they'd put her out with to do the spaying, she was dreamy and sweetly curious when I left the house to go see a gig on the southside. By the middle of the headliner's set, my cell had rung four times, signalling messages in growing tones of panic as the dog snapped out of its stupor, voided herself on three different area rugs, trounced the living room furniture and defended a pilfered sock from the laundry with angry growling. I was home before the last song was done ringing in my ears.



Ruby (on the left) frolics with newly-made friend at Laurie dog park. (PHOTO BY TARA ZURWOSKI)

Of course she was dopy. I reasoned. She'd been through a lot of stuff and she was coming down from anesthesia. We renamed her Ruby (after a Thelouious Monk song), moved her kennel in beside our bed and embarked on our new life as a "family," with all the joys, disrupted sleep and destruction of personal belongings that entails.

A key element of assimilating Ruby into our routine has been the that stretch of riverside across the North Saskatchewan from Hawrelak Park, which might be Laurie dog Park or Buena Vista Dog Park, depending on who you ask. I personally care not what you call it. Only know that I owe that shady glade my sanity. For its maze of foot-worn trails, expanses of long grass and muddy

soul unfit for civilized society, since she finds ready, even eager, acceptance among her own from towering Irish wolfhounds and burly Burmese mountain dogs on down to wiry Australian cattle dogs and scrappy schnauzers. The so-called United Nations should get on so well.

But there's a deeper lesson here. As animal behaviourist Alexandra Horowitz points out in her book *Inside of a Dog: What Dogs See, Smell and Know*, the manifest slapstick thrust-and-parry of puppy play belies a surprisingly elaborate system of engagement, signalling and self-handicapping by which dogs ensure that their interactions remain mutual and good-natured. This communication is so engrained and effective that I've seen more ugly incidents

THE DOG PARK IS THE VENUE WHERE RUBY TEACHES ME HOW TO ACCEPT MY LOT AS A DENIZEN OF A FAR NORTHERN CITY.

banks are where Ruby can frolic untethered, roam at will and have her hackles clotted with other dogs' saliva in spontaneous, playful bursts of rough-housing with amid myriad of local pooches that are the only guaranteed way to sap her excess energy and deliver her from evil. In this way she has shown me that I am not the centre of the universe and that the needs of humbler creatures must sometimes take precedence.

The dog park is also the venue where Ruby teaches me how to accept my lot as a denizen of a far northern city that spends more than half the year in a highly refrigerated state. Where I might see a stowpy blight trapping me inside, packing up my commute time and rendering my sidewalk litigable, Ruby plunges her nose into it like the world has been renewed, dragging me across drifts and chest deep dunes in her zeal to come to terms with the ice planet on which she's suddenly alive.

Even on the most laceratingly cold days, watching the dogs at Laurie/Buena Vista chase, wrestle and gnaw on each other's heads is a balm to the frostbitten spirit. It's at such times where I'm convinced that my poor Ruby is not some misbegotten

arise between owners at the dog park than their canine counterparts.

Perhaps this is the reason for so-called Dog Park Etiquette, which limits conversations with other dog park patrons to dog-related topics, proscribes the exchange of any but the dogs' names and excuses one from any conversation the second that the dogs lose interest in each other. And maybe that's for the best – we're less prone to voice our disagreeable opinions and prejudices if we're just talking about how singularly smart and amazing our dogs are. But even then there's some consolation to be found in the altruistic fact of a busy dog park in deep winter – that so many people possess a reserve of kindness, patience and moral obligation to help their four-legged brutes be happy even in such inhospitable conditions.

It might take a while for all us dog park people to realize that, underneath the strained small talk about Rover's penchant for humping, we're actually expressing something fundamentally good and decent in our nature. Fortunately our pets are generally quite patient and are always happy to set a sterling example of how we might all one day get along.



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NOVEMBER
26

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SATURDAY
NOVEMBER
27

**WHAT YOU SEIZE IS WHAT
YOU REGRETS**

Opening reception for new work by Fish
Griukowsky, Dara Huminski and Norm Omar,
Jason Dublanko and Caitlin Sian Richards.
Doors at 8:00pm.

FRIDAY
DECEMBER
3

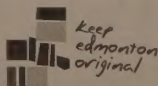
Bahamas with Doug Paisley
Doors at 8:00pm
Tickets \$12 in advance at Blackbyrd, listen &
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FRIDAY
DECEMBER
10

Robots vs. Zombies
The Undead and Automated converge on the
Artery, featuring various DJs. \$10 cover.

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A Sticky Question: Can Semen Make You Happy?

THE STRAIGHT DOPE: CECIL ADAMS
COULD SEMEN ACT AS AN ANTI-DEPRESSANT? THE SCIENCE IS DIVIDED ON THE QUESTION

In your 2002 column on the synchrony of female menstruation, the person asking the question mentioned having heard that sperm acts as an antidepressant. I was wondering if you wouldn't mind putting your take on it out there. — Izra, Florida

The substance of interest here is semen, not sperm. Sperm are the minnows; semen is the pond. (Well, the pond plus the minnows.)

Now to your question. A cherished male belief since antiquity is that the best way to improve an unhappy woman's attitude is getting her in the sack. Writings attributed to the legendary medical pioneer Hippocrates circa 400 B.C. proposed that hysteria in women was caused by a lack of semen.

Credit for resurrecting this notion in modern times goes to Canadian psychiatrist Philip G. Ney. In a 1986 article, Ney noted the following: (1) hormone-like compounds known as prostaglandins have been shown to improve depressed mood; (2) evening primrose oil, a botanical product, facilitates production of prostag-

landins; (3) prostaglandins can also be found in semen; and (4) evening primrose oil seemingly caused one depressed, child-abusing woman to cheer up. The author's adventurous interpretation: "Regular amounts of seminal plasma may be important in maintaining a woman's affective health." Is that a great pickup line or what?

The scientific community understandably didn't break any speed records investigating Ney's neo-Hippocratic hypothesis. However, in 2002 Gordon Gallup and colleagues published a study of 293 college women suggesting semen might indeed be a mood brightener. Their basis for this claim: heterosexually active women who never used condoms scored lower on depression (there's a test for this — there's a test for everything) than either (a) women who did use condoms or (b) women who didn't have intercourse at all.

Your first reaction may be that unprotected nonmonogamous sex doesn't seem like a promising road to happiness. Gallup conceded this. Your second may be that there are alternative explanations why a woman using condoms might not be all that cheerful, the most obvious being that condom use suggests a prevalence of



one-night stands, which is not everyone's idea of a great sex life. Gallup's team discounted this possibility. According to their analysis, women in long-term relationships didn't seem to be any more or less cheery than women who weren't.

Some other possible factors:

- The always-rubbed got it on only half as often as the never-rubbed. Less sex, more depression, right? Yet Gallup found no relation between mood and sex frequency among cases where condom use was the same.

- Maybe oral contraceptives (used by 70 per cent of the no-condom group) somehow enhance mood.

Gallup looked for such effects in his sample and found none.

- Condom users may just tend to be nervous, or otherwise unhappy. A 1983 study (Leary and Dobbins) found socially anxious women were twice as likely to use condoms. OK, that may predate AIDS-era attitudes about condoms, but a 2008 paper (Costa and Brody) saw a positive correlation between women's condom use and worse mental health overall.

Other studies seem to contradict Gallup's findings. For example, a recent analysis of nearly 6,000 survey respondents (Mota et al., 2010) found poorer mental health among never-married people (female and male) who never or rarely used condoms. Compared to staunch condom users, they were twice as likely to suffer from mood disorders (including depression) and eight times likelier to have attempted suicide. D

Even if we buy the idea that Gallup and company detected a real phenomenon, they themselves concede the ostensible relationship between mood and semen exposure is modest. My assistant Bibliophile, one of those kinky math whizzes who gets off on standard deviations, calculates that antidepressant drugs (specifically Lexapro) appear to have four times the effect.

This brings us to the core issue. We can't rule out the possibility that semen affects a woman's mood to an extent. In addition to prostaglandins, seminal fluid contains dozens of signaling factors, including hormones, neurotransmitters, and so on. Some male flies package "anti-aphrodisiacs" with their sperm that put a female permanently off sex. I personally can believe this works. If I'm female, sex with a fly isn't something I'm doing twice.

The question is whether any mood change due to semen is enough to make a difference in humans, considering the wide range of things that contribute to happiness. Let's suppose you're a straight woman. Which type of sex partner do you think is going to have a more positive impact on your state of mind: a guy who's thoughtful, takes his time, and uses a condom, or one who climbs aboard bareback, drops his sperm packet, then goes to sleep?

— CECIL ADAMS
 Send questions to Cecil via *straightdope.com* or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the *Straight Dope* podcast at the iTunes Store.

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Wishing You A Beautiful Holiday Season

Carnivores Asked To Attend Film



Former NHLer Georges Laraque will attend film showing here Sunday. PHOTO SUPPLIED

EX-NHL ENFORCER LARAQUE TO SPEAK AT FREE SHOWING OF GRAPHIC ANIMAL RIGHTS FILM

BY TREVOR ROBB

From defending his teammates on the ice with his fists to defending the environment with his words, life certainly has changed for Georges Laraque, former Edmonton Oilers enforcer turned deputy leader of the Green Party.

Laraque, a 60-per-cent raw vegan and owner of two vegan restaurants in Montreal, has hung up his skates and has his eyes fixed on the environment and the animals that inhabit it. In Laraque's latest endeavor he lends his voice to the 2006 documentary *Earthlings*.

"It took over 50 hours of narration [work] for an hour and a half documentary," Laraque says. "It's one of the hardest things I've ever done."

Laraque will be speaking at a free screening of *Earthlings* on Sunday Nov. 28 at 1:30 p.m. at the Stanley A. Milner Library downtown.

Earthlings makes use of graphic images of abused and slaughtered animals, images that are tough to bear even for those with the strongest of stomachs. In fact, it was those images that instantly turned Laraque vegan. Laraque says the brutality showed in the film helps to drive the message home.

To be honest, it's no different than the news and the papers, what you see everyday," Laraque explains. "You see terrible stuff, bad news, terrible images. Those are the images that society is showing you everyday and because people are so used to

seeing those images, that's what people need to open up their conscious. If you just try to do it in a nice way it's not going to register in people's minds."

As the new deputy leader of the Green Party, Laraque travels across Canada to promote the party, getting Canadians to live green.

"First and foremost I try to encourage the population to vote. Whether they're too young or they think their vote doesn't matter or they don't like politics. It's a tragedy in Canada that we don't exercise that right."

While the Green Party has yet to obtain a seat in Parliament, Laraque still sees the successes that the party has achieved.

"The Green Party is still making an impact because the numbers are growing," he says. "We're getting people to live green and that's winning." Laraque's involvement with *Earthlings* is an extension of his politics as he is also a spokesperson for PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals). And if Laraque gets his wish, there will be more non-believers in the audience for the film's showing on Sunday than believers. "I don't want a room full of vegans, I want carnivores," said Laraque. "Every time I do this there's over 100 people and half of them are vegan or vegetarian. I need people that have absolutely no idea so then they're like me in the beginning, you watch something that you have no idea what you're going to see and then you learn from it."

"Like me, there's many people that after they leave this room, they'll never eat meat again."



This program is made possible in collaboration with Climate Change and Emissions Management Corporation (CCEMC) and Climate Change Central (C3).

“A LOT OF THE TIME, PEOPLE DON'T GET TO SEE THE ARTIST BEHIND THE ART. WE WANT TO SHOW THE PEOPLE BEHIND IT, AND THE CITY TOO.”



Art In Life

BY ALISTAIR HENNING

I'm climbing the ~~long~~ flights the stairs to the top floor of the artists' studio lofts near 104th Street and Jasper Avenue. Trailing slightly behind the effervescent local painter Erin Ross, I reflect on why I'm here.

Today I will be behind the scenes @ Gallerv195, the new art and travel TV joint from three award-winning and award-nominated producers based out of Edmonton: Vixen Group's TJ Baba and Mosaic Entertainment's Eric Rebalkon and Camille Beaudoin have come together to create a reality TV show focusing on art and travel called Gallerv195. It features hidden and undiscovered artists and spaces all over the world, and the first episode is being shot through December in Edmonton, featuring three local designers and prominent local creative businesses.

When she first approached me TJ explained, "The idea is to be a travel show, an art show, and a reality show, to explore these obscure places and environments where you wouldn't necessarily expect art to be happening, and there is. It will be raw, uncut and uncensored. We really want to pull people into these artists' universes."

Since, TJ continued, "the show is both a travel and art show, we're covering a loft space. The location is part of the episode, and highlights Edmonton's up-and-coming places that are still hidden from the general population."

This loft space turns out to be 29 Armstrong, where a private party is happening for artists featured in the show to sell their work. Baba was drawn to the location because it's "a furniture store that prides itself on creative design and art. It's a place where you can find something unconventional, and handmade. I feel that the owner Amadeo [Pagliuso] is a pioneer; there aren't a lot of places like this in Edmonton, doing something different."

And now here I am, running up the stairs to keep pace with Erin, who is leading me to her studio where we can have a conversation and shoot some photos for the cover. Besides appearing on this Gallerv195, it sounds like some major opportunities may be coming for Erin in New York. So I was certainly curious to find out more about this local artist I'd never heard of, before we both head downstairs to 29 Armstrong for the party.

Erin's studio was pretty bare as, Erin explained, all of the paintings she had been working on went @ Armstrong. Apologizing for the mess, she scattered aside a randomly kitschy assemblage of arty junk so I can sit down as she perches above me on one of the arms of the rickety ratty crushed velvet couch.

Landscape painting, Erin says, "where I've found my greatest commercial success. But I never did a landscape until two years ago. I think they're kind of masquerading as landscapes that allows me to do what I want to do and still make people want to buy it!"

As for all the participants in this show, I was keen to get Ross' take on living in Edmonton as a creative person. "Alberta is an interesting place. I sell more work in Calgary than I do in Edmonton. Art, sometimes it's not a decision to do, sometimes it chooses you. There are people who are so painfully talented and don't know what to do with themselves because Edmonton is a really tough city to make it in as an artist. Unlike maybe like New York or London. There, you can go from obscurity to fame overnight, because we care what's happening @ London. We here don't have that kind of presence globally."

Which is why, in the coming months, Erin may find herself seeking wider fame outside this provincial capital.

But there's little time to waste as the party downstairs is about to kick-off soon. There's all sorts of people coming, apparently, from older wealthy business people to young hip kids. And there's going to be a DJ!

Overall, this party in a furniture store sounds a lot more casual than a lot of the art openings I've attended.

Running into Edmonton artist Jordan Lee downstairs, he agrees. "Most people think you need to go to an art gallery to do art shows properly. That's completely not my style."

As the crowd starts to gather, Jordan explains, "I've always made art to look good on walls, in living and work spaces. That's my No. 1 goal. I think it works perfectly for me to have the works hanging in this setting, which makes it that much easier to imagine it hanging on your wall in your loft, house or office."

Jordan is excited about Gallerv195 because "the three of us as artists are very different. It shows what's going on in the art scene a little bit. We're three people from the same age, doing

completely different art, but with the same goals."

Having done art professionally for about eight years, Jordan bounces between music and visual art.

"I need both outlets," Lee says, "because I'll get temporarily worn out on one, and go back to the other I work with abstract, but I also work with pop art and photography. But that's kind of my character. It depends how I'm feeling that day, and it's like that with my music, too."

Lee interned with David Foster in Los Angeles and says he'd "love to pursue a career in production, but the music industry has been completely destroyed by politics. But with art, there's nothing to really get in the way."

As for Edmonton, Jordan says, it's "not necessarily a smaller community, but it's a tighter group so you have to look for it a bit more. It's not as out in the open, whereas in a lot of other cities it's everywhere, and you can see that. But here, you have to go to specific areas of the city if you want to feel that art scene. It's not a bad thing, it makes for these really great clusters across the city. Like this area on 104th. I love it. I'm here every day of the week."

The venue is getting busy, and as our chat is about to get interrupted for the final time by one of Reece's raving fans, he concludes, "this is the first event I've done like this, and I would absolutely do another one. I've really enjoyed the process of getting the art together for the event, and I want to do another one in the spring, for sure."

Amadeo, owner of 29 Armstrong, seems less enthusiastic about his own party. He "got conned into it mostly by Erin Ross," apparently. This is following what sounds like a rather disastrous event earlier in the year. "It was a total bust. We did it with other artists, and nobody showed up. This time we knew it would be wrong, so we did a much better and more organized invite scheme and a much better merchandising strategy."

Pagliuso feels "Lots of people pay lip service to these kinds of events, but Alberta isn't generally a place where people support art with money. That's not going to change anytime soon." Yet his store is a great place to sell art because "people who are buying art are generally in the same frame of mind as people who are buying objects that are going in their home, because art is an object that's going to go in their home."

ART cont'd on p.17

Art For Herself, And Others



Erin Ross paints landscapes, as spiritual as they are terrestrial. PHOTO BY ALISTAIR HENNING

ON THE VERGE OF BREAKOUT SUCCESS, ERIN ROSS GRACEFULLY BALANCES ABSTRACTION AND REPRESENTATION, COMMERCIALISM AND SELF-EXPRESSION

BY ALISTAIR HENNING

Appearing as one of three Edmonton artists profiled on the television series *Gallery195*, seems likely to be just the first of many major opportunities coming painter Erin Ross' way.

But things very nearly didn't turn out this way.

Up until pretty recently she had stopped painting, maybe even forever.

Having returned to the medium through the landscape genre, Ross is now finding considerable commercial success across Alberta and beyond. But this success is bringing a fresh set of creative challenges.

"I started young," Ross explains, and I was always told this is what I'm going to do so I never really questioned it.

When I was nine years old, I did a big mural for a local club. I moved to Medicine Hat when I was fifteen, and started selling in a gallery there.

Doing her BFA at the U of A, Ross ended up going from "very small illustrative watercolour work" to "large, bright, gestural abstractions because that was what was in vogue in the painting department."

"You lose yourself in the process," Ross sighs. "So I stopped actually making art for about three years."

It was tough coming back to it, Ross says, "finding myself again as an artist. You feel a little stripped bare after going to school for four years, and being told how to create and what's valuable and what's not valuable. It makes you challenge yourself in a good way, but it can also

be damaging."

Ross started doing landscapes as a challenge to herself. "I'd left school, hadn't painted for three years, and thought 'what now?'"

The way forward for Ross was to "take something I'm not very fond of, and make it something I like."

"I wasn't thinking about making landscapes to sell them. I was just thinking of getting back into painting, finding my groove again."

"So that's why I started, and it snowballed. A gallery in Calgary called me and said 'we love your work, we'd like to come see it, and start selling it, and I thought well, why not?'"

Now Ross says, "People will say to me, 'oh, you're a landscape artist' and I respond 'I'm not actually a landscape artist at all.' Anything my work is meant to be representational. It's familiar, but it's not a photo. I try to capture how it makes me feel to be in a space that's so vast and undefinable. I don't see the prairies as an idyllic space. I see them as melancholia. Sad, but beautiful."

Like all of Ross' work, her landscapes "challenge traditional concepts of beauty's value in contemporary work."

"There's a dialogue in art over the value of the pretty," Ross continues. "Art that's decorative now isn't considered valuable. Everything's been done already if you can make a pretty picture, people don't care, it doesn't mean anything. That's something I struggle with, because I'm drawn to decorative artwork — I always have been. Abstraction is a way to force me out of delicate, pretty drawing."

Without hanging her (or more appropriately in this case, her canvas) it's clear that when Ross speaks of appreciating the work of Joseph Cornell for "elevating the ordinary and making it extraordinary" or UK

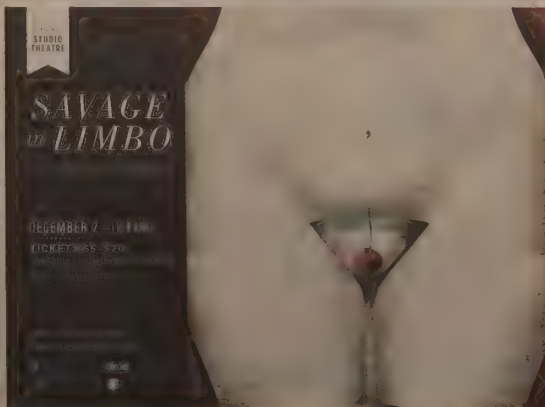
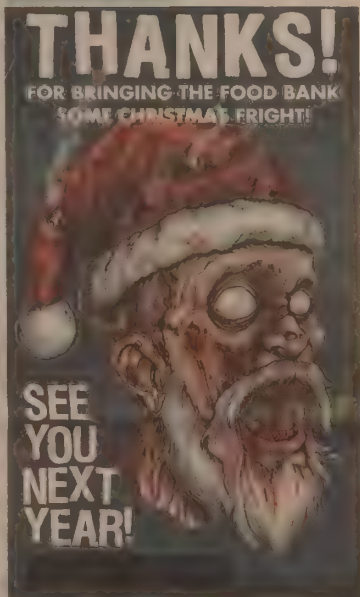
painter George Shaw for "taking the mundane and making it spectacular, just in painting it, to give it some reverence," she could equally well be describing her own work. Interestingly, Ross also mentions Mark Rothko as a particular source of inspiration, saying his work is the landscape "certainly Rothko's colour palette doesn't look too far off from Ross' landscapes."

The success of her landscape work has raised questions of what it means to Ross, to be a commercial artist.

"I've talked to a lot of artists recently who have said don't try and make art your career," Ross says. "Because you get pulled into this trap where you're painting for other people and you have no choice, but to be a commercial artist. And I agree with these sentiments, and recognise them to be true. But I would like to think that I can be somebody who belongs to both worlds, who makes work that matters as myself and other artists, and that people want to live."

"It's important if you're working in a genre like landscape and selling work in commercial galleries to acknowledge that what you're doing, I would be lying if I said I wasn't making commercial art. But I do still have my own artistic compass, and I am making work I feel as relevant. I think I'm still making work that's still interesting, and I think it's awesome. I can do that in a genre like landscape."

What I would like to do is make a big enough body of work that I don't feel I compromise on at all, and I'd like to get more visible everywhere. And I'd like to think that my contemporaries as artists will look at my work and see value in it, and for my viewers to see the same thing.



Bison Fair Alive And Well

SAVED FROM THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION BY AN INTREPID BAND OF COMMITTED CRAFTERS, LOCAL FAIR LIVES ON

THE NINTH ROYAL BISON CRAFT & ART FAIR
8420 Gateway Blvd., Nov. 27-28, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

BY ROBIN SCHROFFEL

Earlier this year, Edmonton's beloved Royal Bison Craft Fair almost disappeared forever.

But thanks to three hardworking souls, the beast won't be dying out anytime soon.

A craft fair with a twist, the biannual event showcases local artists and artisans who bring some of their coolest, most creative ideas to life.

Event creator Raymond Biesinger recently moved across the country, initially implying the eighth Royal Bison would be the last. Instead, he wound up handpicking his successors, who've carried on with the ninth Josh Holmatty, Vikki Wiercinski and Leanne Andronyk.

"Raymond felt it was important that I 'stuck on,'" explains Holmatty, who had assisted Biesinger in putting together previous incarnations of the Royal Bison. "Raymond and I would



Vendor Kelsey Arndt's work. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

curate it and he knew my sensibilities were kind of aligned with his. When it came down to curating the girlier stuff, he would rely on Elizabeth, his wife, and then we just thought that we'd get Leanne and Vikki to do that. We all kind of come from a different background so it rounds out the vendors and the quality's still there."

"I think a lot of people who craft can just sort of see a gap that's not being filled," Wiercinski says. "I started making agendas a few years ago because I couldn't find anything that I really liked well enough to use on a day to day basis and I think that DIY spirit still exists in a lot of the vendors."

Expect to find items as varied as handmade guitar amps in suitcases

and cigar boxes, animal illustrations, wooden record crates, notebooks made out of trash, hand-tooled leather belts, and buttons made from reclaimed weathered farm wood.

Vendor Kelsey Arndt, creator of these rustic wooden buttons, emphasizes the uniqueness of the products found at each Royal Bison Fair.

"It really is local artists and designers that don't necessarily sell their products anywhere else. They're making it for the Royal Bison, so they come up with something that's totally different and they bring it out for this one limited run," she says.

It's the alternative craft fair in more ways than one: many of them are boys, a departure from the typically female-dominated world of crafting.

That male presence is not accidental, says Wiercinski. "It was really super important that it's unisex."

With around 60 vendors selling at 46 tables, the Royal Bison is a testament to the creativity of Edmontonians and a chance to find unusual, high-quality items handmade right here in town.

"I think it's really telling that we have very little trouble filling the tables with super-crazy awesome stuff that's all happening, for the most part, locally," Wiercinski says.

It's A Print Affair



SNAP's annual fundraiser showcases local and international printmakers. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

LOCAL GALLERY'S FUNDRAISER IS A GREAT PLACE TO DO SOME CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

PRINT AFFAIR: WELCOME TO THE MAGIC FACTORY FUNDRAISER

Snap Gallery, Nov. 27 from 7 p.m.-11 p.m.

BY VICKIE LALITIOS

SNAP's annual fundraiser, *Print Affair*, is one of SNAP's largest events, with proceeds benefiting the gallery's daily operations and programming. Combining an art sale, a silent auction, and a printing press demonstration, *Print Affair* boasts works from local and international artists that will continue to be exhibited until Dec. 18.

Guests are invited to enjoy a holiday card making demo in the gallery's print shop while indulging in locally grown food catered by Crowne Plaza's executive chef, as well as locally brewed Yellowhead Beer. The idea of supporting local businesses is one close to SNAP's heart, as is their dedication to promoting and fostering local talent.

After all, this not-for-profit artist-run centre is not your ordinary art gallery. With classes, workshops, lectures, mentorships, artist residencies and publishing on their long list of offerings, SNAP is much more than just exhibitions and sales. Rather, it is a place for print artists of all levels to come together and celebrate their craft.

The gallery's main focus centres around print-making practices, and so partial proceeds from the event will go towards the purchase of a plate cutter, an expensive yet pivotal piece of equipment for SNAP's studio. To this effect, beautifully printed holiday cards and calendars will be available for purchase throughout

the evening, with sales aiding in these equipment costs.

Besides raising funds for the centre, one of the main goals for the event is to bring awareness to the medium of contemporary print itself. "People think of traditional etchings or engravings as print, but really print can be anything that is made in duplicates from a matrix," says Anna Karolina Szul, SNAP's Executive Director.

Szul hopes to widen people's knowledge of what truly constitutes print by way of contemporary examples. "We can't get away from print in our daily lives," she says, "so bringing awareness to the diversity of images that can be created through print-making is definitely a focus for us."

Aside from newspapers and magazines, which are obvious examples according to Szul, clothing, plastics, fabrics, and cut materials are often printed upon, exhibiting how new digital media have changed the face of print. And with an array of submissions at this year's *Print Affair*, guests can see for themselves just how diverse the medium truly is.

Last year's festivities were a hit, and Szul expects this year to be no exception.

"It was a wonderful party last year with nearly 400 people in attendance," she says, "and we hope that continues into this year."

All prints come framed and ready to be given as gifts, making *Print Affair*, in Szul's words, "a great place to do a little Christmas shopping." In fact, SNAP was voted the second best place to buy art by *SEE's* Best of Edmonton 2010 Reader's Picks poll.

And with a rating like that, surely a trip down to the Magic Factory is in order.

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ART (cont'd from p. 12)

"For a lot of people, they have no frame of reference for art, so it's an education process on my part, and the artists as well," he concludes, rushing off to tend to the bar at what is becoming an intensely packed party.

Amidst all the chaos of what feels like hundreds of people packed into a relatively tiny space, Gallery195's crew is attempting to film the artists and patrons' response to their work.

I ran into executive producer Eric Rebalan as he's setting up some equipment.

"A lot of the time," Rebalan says, "people don't get the artist behind the art. Where they come from, their motivations. And artwork just on its own, just shooting it, it's pretty two-dimensional. We're not just shooting the art. We want to visually explain it, and also the people behind it, and the city too."

As space in 29 Armstrong is getting in such short supply it's difficult to move, I edge along the wall until I burst out the door into the night.

THE PHARMACUTIC FINE ARTIST

After all, tomorrow I still need to meet with Reese Schulte, the third artist, who did not participate in last night's show. (Maybe the venue was too small for his fire sculptures? I wonder.)

When I finally arrive in bright daylight at Reese's suburban home studio in a new subdivision on Edmonton's north end, I find a reality star from the firefighting actionist TV's descriptions convinced me to ex-

pect. Reese turns out to be a quietly articulate, bespectacled fellow whose house just happens to be full of wild abstract art.

For Reese, "Art essentially is form, line and colour." Recently, he is turned to his family roots.

My grandfather does abstract art and now I'm following closer and closer into abstraction," Reese explains. "I'm moving from hyper-logical to abstraction, and simplicity. My work is about changing form, texture, and material, but with an underlying concept or process."

Like all the other participants in Gallery195, Reese has a pragmatic approach to making art refreshingly in contrast to more common modernist attitudes to production.

The fact of the matter is," Reese opines, "that I've got to put food on the table sometime. I've got to pay the bills, and your clothes eventually wear out. So I'll actually attack painting thinking of them as a product that will sell."

Reese's hope is that the art community will get more exposure through the show. If it's executed well, and I think it will be, it will bring a lot of positive media and impact to local artists.

"Working with TJ has been really fun," Schulte says. "She has a ton of great ideas, and she means to make them happen."

ART FOR THE REST OF US

Later the same day, Baba shared her motivation for the show in more detail. Edmonton's actually a really happening city. It's very creative.

There are many talented artists in Edmonton and Alberta.

Baba and the rest of the team will be shooting the first episode in Edmonton to the end of December, working towards national and international broadcast.

TJ also shares her vision for ambitious and groundbreaking with projects to accompany the series. "We want to create an arts community who want to express themselves in a different way and have them all come together. An entire community can communicate with each other and the audience through blogs. Also we'd like to have artist hunters all over the world continuously looking for new artists and featuring them writing articles and blogging about them."

"It's a place for the general public, who aren't familiar with art and maybe even feel like art is unattainable, to come and explore what's new, what's happening."

And apart from attracting a capacity crowd, how did the show at 29 Armstrong fare? Baba is eager to share. Jordan sold six of his nine pieces last night, and Erin sold one of her big pieces, a three-by-three arrangement of smaller paintings forming an ensemble.

"Last night we got testimonials from people who bought Jordan's art," TJ exclaims. "We got on camera one of the people who bought Jordan's art, we got when he first saw the piece. Then he and his friend walked up to Jordan, and said they want to buy it."

FILM - COLUMB

Hopper's Last Movie

FREEDOM OF CHOICE G.H. LEWIS
HOPPER'S EASY RIDER
FOLLOWUP IS ALL
ABOUT THE MUSHROOMS

With the death of Dennis Hopper earlier this year, Hollywood had lost a unique visionary who never received enough credit for his unusual and highly idiosyncratic filmography.

Known primarily for (at the time) commercial hits like *Easy Rider* and *Colors*, Hopper was equally comfortable making personal and interesting genre exercises like *The Hot Spot* and *Out of the Blue* that showcased a fragmented physicality of style superimposed over a classic Hollywood

sensibility. An unusual mix that, love or hate it, never left one claiming that it was too mainstream.

At the end of the 1960s, Hollywood was desperate to connect with the huge youth audience that had become increasingly indifferent to standard commercial fare at the time. The 1969 Hopper-directed countercultural classic *Easy Rider* exploded like a supernova, rocketing Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson to fame and fortune. Given carte blanche to do anything he desired, Hopper decided upon making his next movie in Peru, the unlikely hippy western *The Last Movie*. Supposedly inspired by the mushroom fungi prevalent to the

Andes, the film had a long and painful gestation, marred by studio interference, budget over-runs and Hopper's psychedelic inspirations. Hoping for a hit, Universal slowly platformed it across the United States, a release pattern which proved disastrous to both audiences and critics alike. Sensing they had a major bomb on their hands, Universal quickly buried the film and punished Hopper for admittedly reckless behaviour and uncommercial instincts by banishing him from directing another Hollywood film for 15 years.

Seen 40 years later, *The Last Movie* is a mess, but it is such a glorious and

HOPPER cont'd on p. 18

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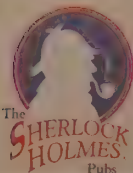


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The Tuffhouse Records crew celebrates their 12-year anniversary Friday, Nov. 26 at the Starlite | PHOTO BY AL STAN HENNING

12 YEARS LATER, THE TUFFHOUSE RECORDS CREW CELEBRATE THE INS AND OUTS OF URBAN MUSIC IN ALBERTA

TUFFHOUSE RECORDS 12 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY
With Whyc, DJ Reno, Jay-Z, Peep Game, Sarki and K-Bitz,
Misthomic, Ambiguous, Chubbz, Me West and The Have-
Nae Roadband
Starlite Room
Friday, Nov. 26, 9 p.m.
Tickets: \$10 with a Food Bank donation, \$15 without

BY TRENT WILKIE

Orville Green has been through a lot in order to make Tuffhouse Records what it is today. He's battled selling hip-hop to a non hip-hop market. He's created venues for his artists where there never was a stage. He's even fought through a conflict that we can all relate to: a lack of success.

I realized as a young man calling around, people didn't take me too seriously," explains Green. "My voice isn't like it is now. I had a high pitched voice. Everyone was telling me to get a real job. But I kept it up and with the help of a few of my friends we grew. We pushed these units ourselves. I knew we had a market for it. Between that and the blood, sweat, and tears, we made it all happen.

HOPPER (cont'd from p. 17)

passionate paen to the unusual and uncalled for that Hopper deserves full recognition (and the film full attention) for sacrificing commerce for art. Hopper plays a stunt-coordinator (Kansas) working on a western in Peru (directed by Sam Fuller) that is hit with tragedy when an actor dies from a misguided stunt. Disgusted by the dishonesty and treachery of Hollywood, Kansas settles down to a life of bliss with a local woman, who

Being the consummate businessman that he is, Green has no problem selling his product. In all honesty, I asked two questions throughout the entire interview. I get the feeling, after having talked to him, that he would be able to sell me a kick in the ass even if I didn't need it.

"I was doing music in my country Jamaica before Canada became my country today," Green says. "The label itself is over 12 years old. I started in Edmonton on the south side and basically it was just a way to give all the talented artists I saw around me a chance. And now, I am the first independent label to have an artist on the Bounce. We're succeeding on every level. We've done movie productions... a lot of that type of thing. A few years ago, we opened the biggest urban studio on Whyte Ave. but then we got broken into. That's life, it's all up and down. I could be retired already, but I put a lot of my money back into the company."

"This city, there aren't many places to do shows," Green says. "Artists don't want to go to little bars and do shows but I've done shows in people's basements. Business is business, you have to lay the ground work. For me I don't care

where I perform, I just like to perform. If you think you deserve that diva status before they succeed then you won't go anywhere. You have to work on your product but it takes time. Each show counts towards making better music and better art. In this business, it is all about collaboration and sharing the market with each other and there is no time for hate. Also, if you can't do something fresh then you lose your self. Be creative and ready for anything."

Aside from the music business and all that entails, the show is the thing. With a collection of eclectic sounds around, Green is sure that Tuffhouse is for everyone.

"Twelve years of victory for the label, that's what this show is about," says Green. "No matter what type of music it is, it's going to be fun. From Latin with hip hop to reggae with dance, there is a nice flavor of different music but it's more than hip hop. There are some straight up singers and some punk rock; the artists want to perform and burn positive energy. Basically what the audience is going to see is a lot of artists who have put a lot of effort into what they do. It's going to be fun, it has to be. It makes no sense that you are going to pay money and not enjoy it."

craves for the wealth and riches that Kansas desires. His life is further complicated when the local villagers begin to "recreate" the just-filmed western substituting real violence instead of the fakery that Kansas is familiar with. Metaphysical mayhem ensues.

In all likelihood, Hopper co-edited the film with the Peruvian mushroom, so scenes are shuffled back and forth in a random fashion that make little or no linear sense and

substantially fragments what was already a highly elliptical piece in the first place.

It's an easy film to ridicule, but there's a haunting beauty to the visuals, soundtrack and to the whole venture that is oddly compelling. In an age where commerce is valued at all costs, it's touching and poetic to experience a film where the opposite rings true.

Well worth seeking out, with or without mushrooms.

Michael Rault's Vintage Sound Vault

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THE MA-ME-O SIGN**

MICHAEL RAULT

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Saturday, Nov. 27 8 p.m.
Tickets: SOLD Out

BY TOBIN SCHROFF

Michael Rault calls it serendipity, those who've followed his music career might call it inevitable.

But never mind the details: all that matters is that a few Rault rough cuts wound up in the ears of Bedouin Soundclash frontman Jay Malinowski, who has since gathered Rault into the fold of his Pirate's Blend label.

Those fortuitously placed tracks are out now as *Ma-Me-O*, Rault's latest collection of vintage-informed, garage-pop rhythm & blues treats.

At just 21, Rault is already a veteran of Edmonton's music scene, starting out as a kid in psychobilly-punk outfit the Nightshades, next in his high school project the Mixed Signals, evolving into a solo performer with the occasional tambourine duct-taped to his shoe.

And with the media spotlight cur-

rently trained his way, Rault is drawing all kinds of comparisons and speculations, from a young John Lennon to a future Jack White.

Ma-Me-O isn't reaching for grandness, though: from its name to its players — Peter Sagar on drums, René Wilson on keyboards — and younger sister Emily featured on vocals — it's as honest, down-to-earth, slightly convoluted family affair.

Peter's dad played in a band with my dad (CKL-A radio host Lionel Rault) in the 80s called Little Known Facts. And my house grew up in it: was his family's house before us when they moved out, we moved in. There are pictures of us hanging out when we were little babies. We had a huge gap and met through playing in bands again," Rault explains.

And Rault's connection with Wilson is even more bizarre.

"We didn't know each other but we both started these garage bands. It wasn't a very big thing. I was really into it and I found out about this other kid who was really into it. We started talking on the Internet and the next day he was like 'Wait, is your dad Lionel Rault? Because we're second cousins.' Ever since then we've been really tight," he says.

With these sorts of connections

just a small town boy, Michael Rault makes an Edmonton folk up proud. **LEWIS D'ARNO**

in mind, Rault would perform as Michael Rault and the Ma-Me-Os whenever Wilson and Sagar joined him onstage. A popular beach on Pigeon Lake, the term *Ma-Me-O* holds some joint family history and made a perfect choice for the album.

"Me and René, our grandmas were sisters and they built this cabin on Pigeon Lake that was the Rault fam-

ily cabin up until very recently. And then René's family split off — the Wilsons have their own cabin on Pigeon Lake," says Rault. "My grand parents used to dance to swing bands at Ma-Me-O Hall and the whole sort of original rock 'n' roll scene of Alberta used to have crazy parties there with bands like Wes Darius and the Rebels and stuff like that."

Ma-Me-O's odd spelling was the clincher: "Lee Dorsey, who is one of both me and René's favourite funk guys, has a song called 'O Me-O, Me-O,'" explains Rault.

It's cool because it has a whole bunch of family history and it's really tied into who we are, and it almost sounds like a Lee Dorsey song."



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MAT MCHUGH

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BY MARTIN G. HART

The Grand Ole Opry might not be the first thing you think when you channel the sound of the beach-inspired tunes of Australia's The Beautiful Girls - you probably don't even think Nashville at all. That is until Mat McHugh, TBG's singer and main songwriter, finds himself speechless about his current dressing room in

the legendary Ryman Auditorium

"I think it housed Johnny Cash back in the day for sure," says McHugh. "It's some kind of Johnny Cash shrine - there are all types of memorabilia and photos. It's awesome. This whole town is full of his story, we're just tripping."

The temple of Cash in mind, McHugh is floored by the response his solo show is receiving in North America - and the inspiration that pours from McHugh is undeniable. As part of the full-band tours he has done before with his band, he has received tremendous response, but it is in his solo efforts that he is honestly feeling most passionate about Celebrating both *Seperatus!* - his first solo foray and a return to the more somber rootsy ballads and

Spooks The Beautiful Girls dub inspired summery fourth album. McHugh feels right at home in his current state as he has great outlets for both sides of his musical personality.

"You have caught me at a turning point of my musical life because I have been running away from expectations we have had for our entire career," McHugh says. "We [The Beautiful Girls] started really stripped back and everyone took as Jack Johnson or Ben Harper. And I have always wanted to make left turns to get away from that. That's kind of been what has been fueling my fire more than anything."

Seperastula! sees McHugh return to the raw singer-songwriter sound ■ TBG's early albums and EPs, a place he initially retreated from, but was called back by the honesty of those songs and his enthusiasm about those days – even with the Australian outlook he was receiving

"Last night I went back and listened to it [Seperatista!] for the first time since I did it. I think it might be my favourite record – I know that we [the Beautiful Girls] have a new record and I should say that is my favourite, but I probably like this other record the most. The reason I did



The Man in White: Mat McHugh supports his Australian friends, The John Butler Trio | SUPPLIED

the solo was that in Australia there is a level of expectation every time The Beautiful Girls release a record," says McHugh. "I don't know, I just had this thing where initially where we were put into this category for the cool kids and it was kind of derogatory. Like really mellow beach music that was of no artistic value. You get all these hipsters who talk up all of these bands that 20 people going to see. If your music is popular or accessible then you are un-cool."

ironic in a sense because McHugh's solo work if anything is more similar to Jack Johnson than the Kingston soaked sounds of *Spooks*, yet he's happy the way the process has unfolded. As he talks about future proj-

ects. McHugh knows his music will continue to make left turns to avoid musical singularity.

"Every record is a kind of learning process," McHugh says. "And every era of a musician's life, if you really want to make music: your life, you learn something from and make something from it. I've gone out into the woods and explored. I have kind of gone out to the edge of the woods and seen what I can find. Now I feel that where I began [with *The Beautiful Girls*] was a good place because I was pretty happy there. No one cared about me at all back then. I didn't have a point to prove, once you have a point to prove a whole different mindset comes in."



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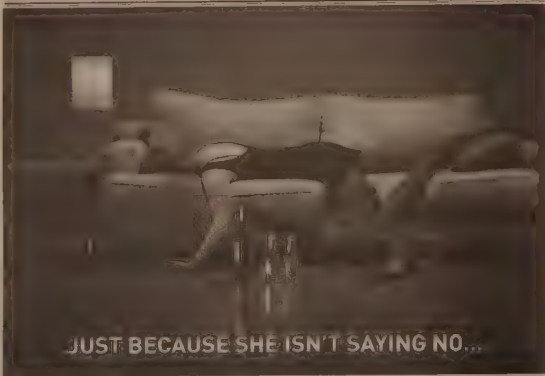
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A Man With A Past

LOCAL COMPOSER TAKES HIS LISTENERS ON A JOURNEY FROM CLASSICAL MUSIC TO THE BLUES — AND IT WORKS!

BY PÍOTR GRELLA-MOZEJO

The first time I heard the music it was like in a cheesy novel I switched the radio on and started jumping from one station to another. And then, suddenly, there I caught it — the coolest marriage of classical idiom and blues I'd ever picked up on the airwaves! Just as I like it, the sound, a strangely refreshing Bartók-meets-Hendrix kind of thing, the groove, aggressive but elegant the tune, rocking yet endowed with nobleness, the texture, thick and still beautifully transparent, the harmony, deliciously twisted, the rhythm section, thundering and spot-on, plus overall excellent execution.

"What is it? Oh, my goodness, who is it?" I really couldn't wait till the end of the song—not song, really, as it was an instrumental — to get the name of the band, go to a store and buy the CD (yes, that was some years before the digital revolution). And then the shock came. According to the D I what he played was one guy with a viola. Yes, one guy who recorded all the tracks himself using only one instrument (of course with the exception of the drum set), even the bass was actually played on viola. Pre-recorded then transposed down. One little viola and several simple stompboxes served the artist to create all this? Wow! This is how I found out about George Andrix and his unusual blend of genres.

"When I was a youngster," says Andrix (born in 1932, you'd give him several decades less, easy). "I often

listened to jazzers who were having so much fun creating and developing grooves from scratch! Then I was your regular string player and aspiring composer who had to do all those standard pieces — and I was literally drooling when they were jamming. I told myself I'd never become a real composer. I'd do something similar. Some years later I finally had an opportunity to take classes with the members of the Modern Jazz Quartet who were doing a lot of stuff in between two main idioms: jazz and classical — they called it Third Stream then—and had learnt a lot from them. You can still hear it in my music. Low music that makes its statement so directly, but isophrasically treated too.

Perhaps like that of his teachers? The truth is Andrix's biography reads like an encyclopedia of 20th-Century classical music. He participated in master classes with George Enescu, Igor Stravinsky, Paul Hindemith, Henry Cowell, listened to John Cage and David Tudor, worked with one of the founders of the North American Experimental tradition, Harry Partch.

"Oh, Partch!" exclaims Andrix. "He was quite something. You know, he spent a year at my university and we prepared one of his monumental works, *The Bewitched* (1955). Total original. He built his own instruments, developed his own system of musical scales, rhythms, notations. He'd take the most down-to-earth elements from popular or folk sources and develop them into what we now call multimedia works of astounding power. We recorded *The Bewitched* and that recording is still available."



George Andrix (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

On, if the most interesting projects was the world premiere of the *Jan Sute* (1957), the very first piece composed by computer.

"The music was still very simple — we're talking the earliest computer application to composing — but seen from the distance of time it opened a new chapter in the history of music. It was great to be part of that historic performance — and the hall was packed!"

With several full CDs to his name and a steady string — pun intended — of commissions, Andrix has become one of Alberta's most recognized voices.

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TO WIT - FESTIVAL OF IDEAS

David Sedaris And The Joke



**WILDLIFE FISH GRIWOLKSKY
AT FIRST AN UNCOMFORTABLE
THOUGHT, DAVID SEDARIS
EASED EVERY MILE OF HIS OF
HIS ROAD JOKES UPON US**

We are so finicky about when we're allowed to make blowup jokes these days. It would be highly inappropriate, as a general rule, for you to saunter up to my mother and ask her how many cocks you could fit into a horse's mouth. While my mother might actually pause to consider this with a pretty smile-frown on

her face, puzzling through the possibilities, I think out of duty at least I should be a little mad at you for being so forward. Or at least for breaking the chains off my basement door to talk to her in the first place.

But when an auditorium full of Edmontonians not watching the hockey game pay good money to listen to David Sedaris repeat cockucking jokes he's heard on the radio, maybe I'm wrong to think we're still so generally stuffy. Are we finally, morally open source? Do those weird assertions that sex can no longer sell because of the Internet and that our general level of lewdness has killed the sting of American punchline have some merit? I'd argue with the latter point, helped out by Sedaris' anthro-linguistic joke collecting on the road.

And hypnotic stories of travel

and dog relations, the diminutive writer asked us what's the worst thing you can hear when you're giving Willie Nelson a blowjob? "I'm not Willie Nelson."

I don't know about you, but I like that crazy joke so much I wish I could put it in my mouth.

Sedaris, who Sunday night read excerpts of his and other people's jokes — and even his diary of moments between being in airports — is of course smitten with language. But instead of coming off mean about how truly dumb the world is like a good masseuse he uses pressure and timing to relax us, working us through the pain his hypnotizing narration is creating such a demand for him it's destroying his chance at ever having a normal human life, but without those encounters with the

SEDARIS cont'd on p. 23

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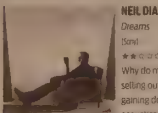


GIRL TALK

All Day
Black
★★★★

With the music industry crumbling around us, and every television show waiting with baited breath to bastardize our favorite songs from the last few decades, it is evident that music is no longer in the hands of the artist, but rather has become public domain. Greg Gatz, known in the art world as something pre-existing and bringing to the shiny, leaved masses returns with his fifth studio album. All Day tread a well-worn path: Sabbath's "War Pigs" meets Ludacris' "Move Bitch" as the album gets off to a roaring start. Craig Mack's "Flava in Your Ear" feels right at home faced with Beck's "Loser". Lady Gaga's "Bad Romance" and Aphex Twin's "Perthshire" are a match made in shock value heaven. The album most deftly crafted sequence features a line up that includes Girl Talk creating something out of my favorite songs, than the GLUE-tards on television.

ANDY COOKSON



NEIL DIAMOND

Dreams
Soul
★★★★

Why do my favourite artists have to grow old? It seems so unfair. Neil Diamond was a legend once, selling out everywhere and pouring out hit songs and gold records. I hate to say it, but he is old now and gaining downhill momentum quickly. Dreams, Diamond's new album, is a collection of cover songs played acoustically by a many-times-covered man. Songs like "Don't No Sunshine", "Midnight Train to Georgia", and McCartney's "Blackbird" played by Neil himself. Sounds awesome, right? It is not awesome; it is tacky. Neil sounds undeniably tired and old. He can't blame him, but it is all too depressing. He made most of the numbers with slow and plodding guitar arrangement and doesn't stretch for anything new in the cover songs. A worthwhile version of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah" is the only saving grace on an otherwise disappointing album.

NATHAN USHER



THE SAINTES CATHÉRINES

Fire Works
(Don't)
★★★★

Fire Works is The Sainte Cathérines' fourth full length album. Its thirteen tracks span a variety of variations of the same punk/rock style of the bands previous works. Each song is filled with unmistakable angst and frustration, here in its organic form – that is before emo ruined it. But it's not that black and white. If the Montreal based band's goal was to create a soundtrack for comedic depression, they succeeded magnificently. This notion comes to a shamefully relatable yet amusing peak in the track "No Friends", which cuts into those inescapable everyone has but is too embarrassed to cope with, that being that our friends actually hate us. It's by no means a classic album, but that does not take away from the fact that on the right night, when you're alone, sick of being pissed off and you need it to laugh at it, turning this album up really loud just might help.

MEREDITH THOMPSON



MICHAEL RAULT

Ma-Me-O
(Prevez Best)
★★★★

He's been blowing away audiences with his one-man rock 'n' roll show for years, but armed with a recording budget and with backing from Jay Malinowski's Pimble's Blend label, Edmonton's Michael Rault is finally poised for takeoff. On Ma-Me-O, his latest, Rault's unbelievable songwriting sensibilities pick up where the golden age of rock 'n' roll left off, resulting in a series of perfect bubblegum garage tunes that should rightfully have young girls worldwide screaming his name any time now. Thoroughly schooled in classic rhythm and blues, Rault takes his cues from yesterday but manages to craft fresh, relevant songs like no one else. Cases in point: the catchy vocal melodies of "The Things That You Said," the wishful, string-accompanied "The Times That You Were Mine," and the raw, early Stones-style "Lay Right Down And Die".

ROBIN SCHROFFEL



INDELIBLE

Don't Present Future
(Paralyzed Reaction)
★★★★

Frat boy rap has reached a whole new pinnacle. The Vancouver duo Indelible look like they just washed up on The Jersey Shore – their hair's gelled, goatees primmed, shades poised, posture rigid and ready to get the party started. The slow grind of that song is cranked to the utmost tempo on "I Got It," which features Moka Only of frat rap pioneers Swollen Members fame, singing in their hooks. That approach suits some of the more somber songs well, especially on the title track, a sear the day lament. But those song stylings are vastly outnumbered and sandwiched between dance floor anthems. You might laugh out loud at deadpanned lyrics about vacationing and flight plans that leave the pair "on a boat with a slight tan." But the beats are polished enough to see your reflection in, pulsing in a rhythm aimed at getting your pees flexing, and indelible seems ready to bet a round of Jager Bombs that you won't be able to deny such a good time. Indelible play Hooliganz pub on Saturday, Nov. 27 with King Dylan, Brothers Grimm and Stripes.

KYLE MULLEN

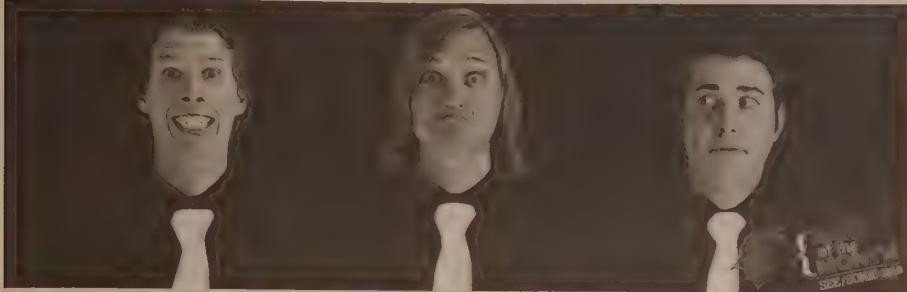
Adventurous gallery seeks multiple partners – mw4mw (Edmonton)

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LATITUDE 53
THE MOUNTAIN STREET GALLERY

White Lightning, Silver Granary



Those lies are lightning bolts: White Lightning celebrate their Band Of The Month status... by playing a band of the month showcase (PHOTO: JEFFREY)

WHITE LIGHTNING WILL KEEP YOU ENTERTAINED AS THEY STOMP AND RATTLE THROUGH THEIR WILD SET

WHITE LIGHTNING

With Drapers

Power Shop (10549 82nd Ave.)

Fridays: Nov. 26, 8 p.m.

Tickets: \$5 at the door

BY KATHLEEN BELL

"You just can't replace the natural ambience of the room," says singer-guitarist Steve Bosch, while cooling some pear tea on a dark Monday evening at The Tea Place. "We did that the weekend before Enoch's family — Enoch [Rottier], my drummer — before his family started harvesting." You're probably wondering exactly what would tie a rock 'n' roll power trio like White Lightning to a farmer's schedule. Give me a little space here and I'll explain.

While most indie rock bands have harnessed the power of computer programs like Garage Band or Pro Tools to break free of the constraints of recording in a regular studio, White Lightning isn't satisfied with a little extra time and a cushy in-house set up — they're using this freedom to truly experiment.

We recorded two EPs and we did

them both in the studio, so working with other people," says Bosch. "And both of them just felt so rushed and so cramped for time that it totally stifled room for creativity in the production. You pretty much have to put that into somebody else's hands to worry about, in our experience. So this time we decided we wanted to take more of it into our own hands and be creative with that element of it, and also to save money."

Still, what does that have to do with the harvest? Well, one of the band's little experiments ended up being recording from the inside of a granary — that's right, as a giant metal silo meant for storing grain.

It went awesome," Bosch says rather coolly. "It's sounding great and it's just kind of a cool element."

But capturing the floating echoes of rock 'n' roll as it bounces around within a fixture of Alberta's landscape (do they get bonus Canadiana points for that?) is just one of their sonic experiments.

Then we've been doing other random stuff," he says, trying to think back. "Just this Friday we recorded a big stomp number that's going to be incorporated into one of our songs, with trash cans, breaking glass, paint cans, other random pals and a shotgun."

As soon as Bosch says stomp,

my brain flashes to images of guys thundering around with garbage cans strapped to their feet.

"We have some garbage cans made like that," he confirms. "Well, we made them ourselves for our last show, our Halloween show. We did a big stomp number there too, so we already had them lying around."

You've got to expect them to accumulate some souvenirs, especially considering the crazy crowd participation schemes they've executed. While Bosch says they haven't done anything too insane, they have passed around 100 kazoes as a single show, all for the sake of keeping the audience entertained.

"We definitely want to put on a show that we love that we're happy with and that, if we were standing in the crowd, we would totally love it — there wouldn't be anything that we would change," Bosch explains. "I've been to way too many shows that I get bored at too easily — hands just stand there or don't talk or don't do anything to amuse the crowd."

And it seems like White Lightning will try just about anything to engage the listener — kazoes, trash cans and don't forget that granary. Recording from the inside of a granary! In all my days I've never heard of such a thing.

November is acting like July, so many things to plug. If I had to pick only one I'd be the frosted tips and Skinnys reunion Friday night at A1Kery — the skiffish Thomas Pringle Ding is between the band. Myriad rumours exist about both these bands — the fleshy and heretical debauchery of the Tips, the claustrophobic basement costume parties of the Skinnys in their half condemned house on the north side. I certainly have some photos to confirm or deny, but all that gossipy bullshit or endless nonsense in the press about gender hardly speaks to the fact these were two extremely

hardworking rock and roll bands with some seriously fucking good songs between them and we should count ourselves lucky to hear them with the rust scraped off.

Everyone involved I talked to was thing are sounding good, but of course, all rumours endure the weight of a certain amount of fantasizing up front, dreams of doom, nightmares of glory the whole idea of recapturing something that's always been there, right at front of us. There are going to be a few hangovers at Royal Bison the next morning, that's a promise I sure wish I couldn't keep.

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Dance

SAT Nov 27
Dance
TRUMAN: CALL ME EVIL I.E.D.
ELPHIDA TRIO AND DANGER STREET

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THURSDAY • \$4 KOKANE PINTS
FRIDAY • \$3 OLMECA TEQUILA
ALL NIGHT!
SATURDAY • \$4 JACK DANIELS
AND SOURJACKS!

SEDARIS (cont'd from p. 21)

real world... well, who am I kidding? reality would be confined to a wheel chair at the bottom of a well and still come up with ways to put through its wretched circumstance.

To wit, he was still there, signing books and chatting with his fans as we walked by in the cold, as we walked some from dinner and drinks after his show, maybe an hour and half later. The knee-jerk booster thing to us, is what, a classy guy. But instead I imagined him replying, "Well, at least it's warm in here and everyone seems to like me. And, besides, what else am I going to do, shop?"

plasma projects info: albertacentre.ca • **DAILY TIL DEC 10**
RETURN TO THUNDERWATER LAKE (JANE BUEGER)
 GALLERY 2220 JASPER AVE. As a landscape and floral painter. **DAILY TIL DEC 7**
SHADOW AND LIGHT (GEOFF WOODWARD) CAFE HAVEN 9
 5000 RD, SHERWOOD PARK. Local landscape artist solo exhibition and sale. **DAILY TIL JAN 15**
WALKING DRUMS AND TONGUES (GENEVA MOORE)
 MULTIMEDIA HERITAGE CENTRE 540 31ST STORY PLAZA • **DAILY TIL NOV 30**
THE CROOKED TREES OF ALTAIR (HENI DUBOIS)
 MCMILLAN GALLERY 5442 52ND ST. Featuring a series of digitally textured artworks by Saskatchewan artist Heni Dubois that focus on the vibrant dance of trembling aspen near Hafford, Saskatchewan. **DAILY TIL DEC 24**
THE SYMBOLISM MUSIC & COLLECTION OF PRINTS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA ART GALLERY OF ALBERTA 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ.
 Featuring works by 20 important European artists including Paul Gauguin, Wassily Kandinsky, Vincent van Gogh, Pablo Picasso and Odilon Redon. **DAILY TIL MAR 1**
THREE SOLID EXHIBITIONS LANDO GALLERY 1100 10TH AVE. **Adrian Kneer**: 'Surrealism: Man Between: English Whisk Fine Line and Fine Print: There is No Help Coming.' **DAILY TIL DEC 4**
TUO SLING - PHOTOGRAPHY BY JASON NESS
 GALLERY 101 WILSON 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. A collection of black and white photographs of the artist Kornee George Jones, located at Phipps Peak, Cambovia. **DAILY TIL NOV 30**
WANDERING WILDLIFE (PATRICIA MANSELL) SLENDREUX MUSEUM 1020 10TH AVE. • **DAILY TIL DEC 10**
WHEELS, WINGS AND WAVES (TERRY WOODS) OF SCIENCE 1270 142ND ST. • **DAILY TIL JAN 7** **PROFESSOR 100 452-9100**
 YOUR THOUGHTS, LIKE STARS PROFILES: ART GALLERY

OF ST. ALBERT IN PERSON ST. ALBERT Interactive installations. **DAILY TIL NOV 27**
Theatre
A CHRISTMAS KAROL KAROL WOYLITA MATTHEW PLAY 1000 11400 THEATRE 1045 55 NW • A wonderful family event. Staged by 14 children and youth. Performances to follow: **SUN NOV 28, 1:30 PM** info: 780-431-8066
ONE-NASTY VASCOVA THEATRE 1020 83 AVE. The Lana Clark Comedy Award-winning play inspired by a true story returns for its 10th season of romance, passion, betrayal, love, lust and laughter! **MONDAYS TIL MAY 30, AT 7:30 PM**
DONOR'S NIGHT MCMILLAN GALLERY 5442 52ND ST. ALBERT CHILDREN'S THEATRE (JASON THEATRE) ST. ANNE ST. ALBERT. **DAILY FROM NOV 25 TO DEC 1, AT 7:30 PM**
HARD CORE LIVE ROXY THEATRE 2070 104 ST NW • Canadian act dressed adapted to the stage for the first time ever. **WED TIL DEC 5, AT 8:00 PM**
SEASONS GREETINGS (ALAN MOORHEAD) ST. ALBERT CATHOLIC EDUCATION • **DAILY FROM NOV 25 TO NOV 30, AT 7:30 PM** info: 507-588-5710
WALL SHAKESPEARE'S MACHS AND ABOUT NOTHING (WALTERS) PLAYHOUSE (WALTERS) 1020 83 AVE. **DAILY FROM DEC 1 TO DEC 17, AT 8:00 PM**

Comedy
BROWN ON BROWN THE COMIX STRIP BOOBYON STREET, WEM. The Bear's Put Down back to the Local Talent Night. **THURSDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
COMEDIAN (MARTY SABBOTT) THE COMIX STRIP BOOBYON STREET, WEM. Whether it's reading comic or stand-up comic, you'll be laughing at the local talent night. **THURSDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
WALL SHAKESPEARE'S MACHS AND ABOUT NOTHING (WALTERS) PLAYHOUSE (WALTERS) 1020 83 AVE. **DAILY FROM DEC 1 TO DEC 17, AT 8:00 PM**

AT 8:00 PM
COMEDY NIGHT CENUS 1000 100 ST. • **THURSDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
COMEDY NIGHT SUNDAYS (LARS CALLESEN) THE DRUID 1060 JASPER AVE. Heated open stage for anyone wanting to try stand-up comedy. **SUNDAYS AT 9:00 PM**
NET ON MISS MONDAYS THE COMIX STRIP BOOBYON STREET, WEM. A comedy comedy night. **MONDAYS 9:00 PM** info: www.thecomixstrip.com
THE HYPOKRYSEY COMEDY NIGHT KAYLA & HYDE'S HYPERMARKET 1000 AVENUE • **THURSDAYS AT 9:00 PM**
Improv
CHIMPPOY (VANDERBILT THEATRE) HUNTER THEATRE 1000 83 AVE. **SATURDAYS, 8:00 PM AND SUNDAYS ON THE LAST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH** **WWW.KARPOHOFATRE.COM/CHIMPPOY**
THEATRESPORTS (VANDERBILT THEATRE) VASCOVA 1000 83 AVE. Teams of improvisers battle in one square room. No political figure is safe, no prearrangement. **left uninvited**. **FRIEDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
Readings & Lectures
BOOK LUNCH (MARTY CHAN) ALBERTA BOOKS 1000 JASPER AVE. Join the author in the final release of Marty Chan's new book, 'The Mystery of the Cyber Book'. **WED**


DEC 17, 9:30 PM
CENTRE FOR READING FROM BOOKS TO FILM STANLEY & WILSON LIBRARY 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • info: 596-7070 • **THURSDAYS AT 9:00 PM**
OUT OF THE DARKNESS: AN EVENING WITH YVONNE THE HASTEN EDWARDS 1000 ST. CORNER HASTEN & 1000 ST. The HASTEN Community Church's fourth annual candle event. **WED NOV 28, 8:30 PM** info: 780-467-4261
POETRY READINGS ROUGE LOUNGE 1010 11 ST. • With local poets info: 922-5032. **THURSDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
POETRY READINGS LEVA LOUNGE 1000 83 AVE. info: 479-0322 • **THURSDAY 8:00 PM**
STORY SLAM HAVEN SOCIAL CLUB 1000A STORY PLAZA 100. The story slam is a weekly event where poets perform their own material. **THURSDAYS AT 8:00 PM**
STROLL OF POETS POETRY READING SERIES LEVA LOUNGE 1000 83 AVE. The Stroll of Poets society invites you to celebrate the power of the spoken word with the poets' group. **WEDNESDAY 8:00 PM**
STROLL OF POETS POETRY READING SERIES LEVA LOUNGE 1000 83 AVE. The Stroll of Poets society invites you to celebrate the power of the spoken word with the poets' group. **WEDNESDAY 8:00 PM**
TALLEY'S BOOKS AND DRILL 1000 83 AVE. • Story and poetry. info: 922-4400 • **THURSDAY 8:00 PM**

TALLEY'S BOOKS AND DRILL 1000 83 AVE. • A monthly story telling event. info: 922-4400 • **THURSDAY 8:00 PM**
THE MUMIN LECTURE: ELIZABETH PHILLIPS ART GALLERY OF ALBERTA 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
THE POLYPS OF WAITING (PHILIP) (SHAN WOODCOCK) CAPOUS 1000 83 AVE. **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
THE WRITER CIRCLE: ARTS, CRAFTS AND POLITICS (SHAN WOODCOCK) CAPOUS 1000 83 AVE. **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
WRITERS' CORNER STANLEY & WILSON LIBRARY 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
WRITERS' CORNER STANLEY & WILSON LIBRARY 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**

Screen
EARTHQUAKES STANLEY & WILSON LIBRARY 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
THE POLYPS OF WAITING (PHILIP) (SHAN WOODCOCK) CAPOUS 1000 83 AVE. **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
THE WRITER CIRCLE: ARTS, CRAFTS AND POLITICS (SHAN WOODCOCK) CAPOUS 1000 83 AVE. **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**
WRITERS' CORNER STANLEY & WILSON LIBRARY 730 WINSTON CHURCHILL SQ. • **WEDNESDAY 7:00 PM**

Events
ST. ANNUAL FUND RAISING CENUS 1000 100 ST. **THURSDAY 8:00 PM**
ST. ANNUAL FUND RAISING CENUS 1000 100 ST. **THURSDAY 8:00 PM**

heads up!



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- Pay attention. Avoid distractions like texting.
- See and be seen. Make eye contact with pedestrians.
- Watch for vehicles slowing down around you. They may be yielding to a pedestrian.

www.edmonton.ca/headsup

CRUNCHY ON THE OUTSIDE

FRY THAT SUCKER!
 JONESTON'S CROSSWORDS by Matt Jones
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9 Bert who played The Cowardly Lion
 10 Pie... mode
 11 Archie Arnett, to Apu Poehler
 12 "Over here!"
 16 Patsy and Edina's Britcom, to fans
 18 Herman with a Broadway show
 20 ... bone (pelle component)
 23 Vowel in Greece
 24 Igusana or chihuahua
 25 "All your base ... belong to us"
 28 Acrobat Reader maker
 29 Abbr. at the top of sheet music
 31 Black Hills Spruce, e.g.
 33 Emmer nose
 34 Noah's mountain
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 36 47-across rival
 37 Pen point
 38 Boxing stats
 40 Harm, as an economy
 41 Buzzing pest that sucks
 42 Dealmakers?
 44 Breakfast skillet ingredients
 45 Lion gang
 46 Tijuana Brass bandleader Herb
 50 Edward James Olmos's "Battlestar Galactica" role
 51 It may get waxed
 52 Managers, with "out"
 53 Toots & the Maytals' element
 54 The only three-letter element
 55 IPA part

CRUISIN' THE COSMOS



SAGITTARIUS (NOV 23 – DEC 21)
 Snap to it, buddy! This ain't a piggy game of musical chairs like you played in your childhood years. You best believe the seats are being pulled away one by one in this little contest, but when you're out, you're out and that won't be fun. Time to pay attention if you want some place to put your ass!

CAPRICORN (DEC 23 – JAN 19)
 Luck ain't all it's cracked up to be, as you shall very soon see. Unless you're grounded and keep it real, the blessing becomes a curse in the end. For example, that guy in the U.S. who won the lotto and ate himself silly to the tune of a few hundred pounds or so. How far are you gonna let yourself go?

AQUARIUS (JAN 20 – FEB 18)
 You are Aquarius, the unpredictable one. Nobody knows what you're gonna do next. Why, then, should life be predictable for you? When things ain't goin' your way, you'll probably enjoy it a lot more if you take it in stride and, like The Dude, you abide. Especially when it comes to this Saturday and Sunday.

PISCES (FEB 19 – MARCH 20)
 With strength and rigidity comes an array of anxieties. What if you lose it? What if you break? How much pressure are you able to take? Water is so weak that it can comfortably go wherever it's pushed, and so flexible that it can fill any space, embrace the entire world and penetrate even the hardest rock. If you go with the flow, you'll be unstoppable!

ARIES (MARCH 21 – APRIL 19)
 Don't know how you did it, but degnabbit, you did. You actually found someone as stubborn as you to lock horns with, you crazy kid! Now you could keep on buttin' brain buckets in the best of style, but you'll realize it's a waste of time after a while. How 'bout instead of a bruised and bloody head you just call it a draw and walk away with a smile?

TAURUS (APRIL 20 – MAY 20)
 Just whaddya think you're doin' and whatever gave you the idea you're a shoe-in? You ain't outta the water yet and the more you rest on your laurels, stittin' Bull, the worse it'll get. This is an opportunity, not a sloppertunity, so no matter how good you think you are, give it your all or you ain't goin' far!

GEMINI (MAY 21 – JUNE 20)
 This week, watch a good follow-your-dreams flick for some fun-filled inspiration 'cause they kinda mirror your present situation. Yes, your dreams can come true, but just like in the cinema, evil's out to get you. Don't worry. When you listen to your heart and work hard on your

SAVAGE (cont'd from p. 30)

has a lot to drink because I need to have the courage to hit on girls and also because I don't want to look like one of those assholes who stays sober so he can have the pick of the most wasted girls. However, when I do end up with a girl in my bed, I can't get it up. Tactfully saying, "Let's wait till the morning" is not much fun. *It Does Work, I Swear*

Advice Seeker: "Dan, Dan! My dick doesn't work when I go like this."
Advice Columnist: "Don't go like that."

I've been with my husband for nearly eight years. When we met, he weighed about 140 pounds, which wasn't bad on his five-foot-10 frame. Since then, he's ballooned to 230 pounds! I know I should just be a grown-up and tell him that it would improve our sex life if he lost the weight. The problem is this: I am a recovering anorexic. My husband knows and has been thinking

short of wonderful, understanding, and caring about it since the beginning. Due to my issues, he would never make a disparaging comment about my weight — so how can I make one about his? But his weight is killing my desire for him! It feels so horrible and shallow to say, but I just want to be fucked by someone who isn't so fat. He's great in every other aspect, except for his weight. I'm at the point where I'm about to take up an invitation from an ex in town for the weekend just so I can have sex with someone who doesn't have a belly.

Is it wrong for me to ask my husband to lose the weight after everything I've put him through with my own issues?
Former Annie-Rexie

Presumably, your husband wouldn't hesitate to speak up if you began starving yourself to death again, FAR, so I don't — in my condition — see why you shouldn't tease him speak up now that he's eating him-

self to death. Unless, of course, that would tear open your food-related wounds.

So speak up. Thank him, once again, for the way he's supported your efforts to keep the weight on and explain how you're going to support his efforts to take the weight off.

I am a woman in my early 20s and I have been in a happy heterosexual relationship for several years. My boyfriend has a foot fetish, and I have no problem doing what satisfies him. The problem is that the same is not true for him. He doesn't like sex at all, and he's barely even tried to go down on me. He has never come during intercourse. It's as if he is repulsed by my vagina. I should also mention that, unlike other foot fetishists, he enjoys being in control, i.e., tying me up, holding me down, etc. Is there anything I can do to make sex more enticing and enjoyable?
Starting To Get Fed Up

Have it with someone else.



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Here's A Wild Idea: Why Not Just Say Hello?



SAVAGELOVE DAN SAVAGE

HE'S EITHER AFRAID TO HIT ON YOU OR HE'S INTERESTED IN YOUR HAIR PRODUCT

I'm a 23-year-old female college student whose life consists of going to class and going to the gym. I got hurt in my last relationship, so I've been staying away from dating for a while. I'm attractive and I notice guys checking me out — making the gym a second home does have benefits! — but I'm afraid I come off as unapproachable. I've noticed this fine guy at the gym. From the way he looks at me, I can tell he's interested, but I have no idea why he hasn't approached me. We make a lot of eye contact while we work out, and some days he'll walk by my treadmill and awkwardly smile, but we've talked only once. Is he shy? Should I try to talk to him

again? How can I come off as more approachable? I'm finding myself obsessing over him (like I said, he is fine), but the more I do, the more pathetic I feel. *Pathetic Sky Girl With A Crush*

We'll get to your issues in a moment, PSGWAC, but first... Don't you hate it when you're working on a column that's way overdue and you have a horrible headache and you grab the bottle of pills from your suitcase — a travel selection of Excedrin, Advil, and 222s — and you pour the pills into your hand and pick out a couple of 222s (they're the ones that don't have an "E" on them and aren't green) and you toss the 222s in your mouth while you click through a few e-mails and then nearly choke to death? Don't you hate that? And don't you hate it even more when you're sitting there wondering how you nearly choked to death on a couple of 222s — they're skinny! You conquered that gag reflex in middle school! — and then you remember that your boyfriend put four of his massive, easy-to-choke-on Vicodins in with your pills the last time he came along on a trip? Don't you hate that?

Okay, I had better get to it, huh? Soon I won't be fit to operate the remote for the TV in my hotel room much less dole out sex advice to my love-, clue-, and orgasm-lorn readers. But before we begin: My apologies to anyone unlucky enough to find their letter in this week's column.

Okay, PSGWAC, a lot of guys — fine and otherwise — have been led to believe that hitting on girls who aren't in bars or on personals websites is tantamount to sexual harassment.

uncomfortable or he's a fag who stares because he thinks your skin is flawless and is sincerely curious about what product you use in your hair.

Here's how you find out whether Fine Boy is straight and polite or gay and product-curious: Approach Fine Boy — take it from me, nothing makes you seem more approachable than physically approaching someone — and tell him you'd love to hang out sometime outside the gym, outside

There are no nonfaggy gay men out there, SA.

Or there are no other nonfaggy gay men out there, I should say, because you're nonfaggy — I'm taking your word for it, SA — and there you are all nonfaggy and majoring in musical theatre! But you're the only fabulously masculine gay man in America! You're like Will Smith in *I Am Legend*, only you have to sing and dance and blow loads on guys instead of running and screaming and blow-

APPROACH FINE BOY — TAKE IT FROM ME, NOTHING MAKES YOU SEEM MORE APPROACHABLE THAN PHYSICALLY APPROACHING SOMEONE — AND TELL HIM YOU'D LOVE TO HANG OUT SOMETIME OUTSIDE THE GYM, OUTSIDE YOUR CLOTHES, ETC., AND SEE WHAT HE SAYS.

Because, you see, for the last 20 years, fine and otherwise guys have been told that it's not nice to hit on girls at work, on the bus, at the gym, or in class. Girls are still getting hit on at work, on the bus, at the gym, and in class, of course, just not by nice guys. The guys who approach girls at work, on the bus, etc., are, for the most part, fine and otherwise assholes.

So I'm thinking Fine Boy is either a nice, polite, clueless straight dude who doesn't want to make you feel

your clothes, etc., and see what he says.

I'm gay but I'm just a normal guy. The most stereotypical gay thing about me is that I'm a musical-theatre major. But I can fix a car, I don't enjoy dancing (in clubs), I hate the bar scene, and I never use the word "fabulous." I'm not attracted to faggy men. Can you assure me that there are nonfaggy gay men out there?

Straight Actor

ing away loads of zombies. But there may be a few homos out there masculine enough to meet with your approval. Look around the tech department of your theatre program, SA, and if you see someone in paint-spattered jeans, carrying a power tool, with a pack of smokes tucked in a back pocket, ask that butch dyle out. She's your only hope.

I'm the type of guy who always

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Meet Sara, one of our Saskatchewan-based retail employees. She is studying Environmental Sciences at the University of Saskatchewan. She is shown here after work taking home, wearing the Tri-Blend RPO Cardigan, Circle Scarf, Natural Denim Circle Shirt, and Straps Tee.



American Apparel is a majority-owned Canadian company, founded and operated by Dov Charney, a Montrealer, who begun his foray into the garment business while selling American made T-shirts in front of the Montreal forum.

The company began as an importer of American T-shirts into Canada in the late 80's, earning its name, American Apparel. In 2003, the company opened its first retail store in Montreal (currently there are over 280 stores in 20 countries).

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